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# ECHOES OF THE HEART.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

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BY REV. EDWARD C. JONES, A. M.

“The sounding Lyre—how Hope and Joy  
Attend its gushing strain,  
A rapture blest, which may not yield  
To want, or wo, or pain.”

PHILADELPHIA:  
PRINTED BY KING & BAIRD,  
No. 9 Sansom Street.  
1850.





TO

FRANCIS WEST, M.D.,

THESE UNPRETENDING LYRICS,

OF ONE WHOSE HARP HAS EVER PROVED THE SOLACE OF HIS GRIEF,


ARE MOST AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED,

AS A TOKEN OF ESTEEM

FOR HIS PRIVATE VIRTUES AND OFFICIAL WORTH.

---

“WORDS SOMETIMES WEAKEN WHAT THE HEART WOULD SAY :  
THE THOUGHT ACCEPT, AND CAST THE PHRASE AWAY.”



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POETRY,

FOUNDED ON SCRIPTURE, AND INCIDENTS IN CHURCH  
HISTORY.



# WINFRED;

OR,

## THE STUDENT OF SCRIPTURE.

### A CHURCH BALLAD.

“I pray you to send me the *Book of the Prophets*, which the Abbot Winbert, formerly my Master, left me when dying, in which six Prophets are comprised in the same volume, written in very distinct letters. You cannot send me a greater consolation in my old age.” Epistle of Winfred, or Boniface, to Daniel, Bp. of Winchester, A. D. 726. — *Palmer's Church History*, p. 89.

HE sits beneath some spreading tree,  
An aged, reverend man,  
With book of God upon his knee,  
Its open page to scan.

Thuringia's forest-leaves are stirred,  
As the pure gale goes by,  
But sweeter incense fans his heart,  
“The Spirit from on high.”

The Prophets! ah, they speak of HIM,  
To whom he long has clung,  
Whose praises, now his eye is dim,  
Still linger on his tongue.

The Prophets! ah, with glowing strain,  
They picture latter days,  
When green-clad earth, and distant main,  
Shall bask in Gospel rays.

Isaiah rolls the tide of song,  
Unveils the distant years,  
Till Jacob's Star—that beacon blest,  
In blazing pomp appears.

And Jeremy forgets to weep,  
While musing of the hour,—  
When Christ, the righteous Branch, shall reign,  
And kingdoms own his power.

And he who sat by Chebar's flood,  
In famed Chaldea's clime,  
And saw the visions of his God,  
In retinue sublime;—



Ezekiel—the priestly bard,  
Describes the streams of grace,  
Which issue in a healing tide,  
From out the holy place.

Thus, as the Prophets all unfold  
The visions bright they see,  
And robe in garniture of gold,  
A kingdom yet to be:—

That aged man—that Priest of God,  
As gushing tear-drops start,  
Shuts up the Book his Master gave,  
And folds it to his heart.

Long has he toiled and plead with men,  
The sacred Three to own,  
And oft Bavaria's wilds have thrilled,  
To that impassioned tone.

And even yet, in frosty age,  
The standard still he rears,  
And spreads abroad the seed of truth,  
And waters it with tears.

\* \* \* \* \*

Another scene—a river's bank,  
A crowd with passions high,  
And gleaming swords, and halberds keen,  
Flash 'neath the ruddy sky.

He falls—with prayer upon his lips,  
That Priest with locks so white,  
And all that *Prophets wrote of bliss*,  
Comes bursting on his sight.

He falls—that Martyr of his Lord,  
Faithful in youth and age,  
Who oft amid Thuringia's wilds,  
Had scanned the sacred page.

And now, amid the worthies high,  
Who passed to Heaven in blood,  
We trace, in living lines, the name,  
*Of Boniface the Good.*

## THE FUTURE CHURCH.

“And there shall be *one* Fold under *one* Shepherd,” “that they all may be *One*.”

SAVIOUR! ere death had bid thy heart-strings sever,  
Thine intercession for the Church began,  
And that calm, earnest strain, subsideth never,  
Till one in Faith, the brotherhood of man  
Bow at a Shrine, where Peace, that gentle Spirit,  
Sways her mild sceptre o'er each yielding breast,  
And truths, which carnal minds would disinherit,  
Are hailed, and clung to, as the Ark of Rest.

Master! speed on the day, for faint with watching,  
Thy children weep, as Discord loads the gale;  
If mid the gloom, their eye *one* beam is catching,  
How would they all, that sure precursor hail.  
That double Day-Spring, in its faintest gushing,  
Would bid the Hydra, Sect, abashed recoil,  
And to the ensign of Emmanuel rushing,  
A *World* would shout, “as they who take the spoil.”

Oh, era most sublime, when at the Cross,  
    (True central point of Love, and Joy divine,)  
Mankind unite to quite consume the dross,  
    And the pure gold, no longer dim, refine.  
Then, Jesus, come, the waving harvest gather,  
    Then garner in Thy trophies far and wide,  
And mid angelic plaudits, to thy Father  
    Present *the Church*, Thy blood-bought spotless Bride.

## MY FATHER IS IMMORTAL.

“A certain disciple was informed of the death of his Father; but he said to the messenger, “Cease to blaspheme; for my Father is immortal.”—*Palmer's Church History.*

AN, tell me not in rueful strain,  
That Death has sundered dearest ties;  
The lost to Earth shall live again,  
The withered flower resume its dyes;  
But that sweet band which links my soul  
To Him who is of Life the giver,  
Renews its strength as ages roll,  
And, blest be God, dissolveth never.

Parent and child may vanish hence,  
Acquaintance into darkness go;  
And o'er life's fair inheritance,  
Its gloomiest pall may sorrow throw;—  
But that sweet bond which links my soul  
To Him who is of Grace the giver,  
More closely knits as ages roll,  
And, thanks to God, dissolveth never.

My Father lives—my guide—my stay,  
Pillar and Cloud, in *Him* I see;  
When all I cherish pass away,  
Immortal Friend, He clings to me;  
And that sweet bond which links to Him—  
Of *Life*—and *Grace*—and *Heaven* the giver—  
But firmer grows as ages roll,  
And wraps me up “in Christ” forever.

## A HYMN TO CHRIST, AS GOD.

### A CHURCH BALLAD.

“They affirmed that the whole of their fault lay in this, that they were wont to meet together, on a stated day, before it was light, and sing among themselves alternately a *Hymn to Christ as God.*” Letters of Pliny, A. D. 107.—*Palmer's Church History*, p. 12.

BEHOLD the gathering! youth and age  
Are blending sweetly there;  
*One* is their destin'd heritage,  
*One* their absorbing care.

Disciples of the Crucified!  
When Earth abjures His name,  
They breast, of scorn, the lava tide,—  
Like Christ “despising shame.”\*

They meet ere yet the streak of dawn  
Has pioneer'd the day;  
Their *night of unbelief* has gone,  
*Truth's sunbeams* round them play.

\* “He endured the cross, despising the shame.”

And *He* who lights the Gentile world  
With life-inspiring beam,  
Has poured upon their joyous souls,  
Of bliss, a radiant stream.\*

Hark to the strain, whose every note,  
Comes welling from the heart ;  
And each, as on the chorus floats,  
With rapture bears a part.

And what the burden of the Song,  
And what the Master-key,  
And what *the Name* that rolls along,  
In swelling symphony ?

Go, ask historic page, and learn  
How weak a despot's rod,  
When they who own'd a higher power,  
Sang *Hymns to Christ, as God*.

Those Hymns to Christ, they floated high,  
When rack, and sword and flame,  
Against the little, feeble flock,  
Like sweeping demons came.

\* "A light to lighten the Gentiles."



Those Hymns to Christ,—they made the child  
E'en manhood's strength to feel;  
And woman at the torture smiled,  
And Age defied the steel.

And rise they not in chorus yet,  
Those Hymns to Christ, as God?  
Yes, yes, in whelming strains they float,  
From main, and mount, and sod.

And may they float, those holy lays,  
Wherever man has trod,  
Until one song all space shall fill,  
A Hymn to Christ, as God.

## MONICA, THE MOTHER OF AUGUSTINE.

### A CHURCH BALLAD.

St. Augustine was born in Africa, and in his early life fell into vices, and adopted the Manichæan heresy. He became an attendant on the ministry of Ambrose, while his pious mother, Monica, prayed continually for his conversion. His mind was now completely changed: he was made Presbyter, and afterwards Bishop of Hippo.—*Palmer's Church History* pp. 62 and 63.

HE woke from fitful slumber—woke to muse,  
Of sinful joys in prospect—and the hues  
Of magic colored all the hours to come,  
While thoughts of mother, God, and heavenly home,  
All succumbed to the one intense desire,  
Of feeding to the full, base passion's fiercest fire!!

A mother wrestled for that erring Son,  
With heart all bursting, and with yearning soul,  
As Ocean-bed so deep did feeling run,  
Strong as the surges as they onward roll,  
Dead to all thought but this—that Folly's child,  
Might break the maze of vice, and be no more be-  
guiled.

A pen was wielded by a master hand,  
And Heresy recoiled—for Truth was power ;  
And who, for God, the Altar-fire hath fanned,  
But he, who turned from that Circean bower,  
Turned in his manhood's might, now strong in grace,  
And sought within the Church, a stable resting-place.

A Bishop ruled in Hippo—and his heart,  
Large as the circle of his constant care,  
Was all his Master's, earth could claim no part ;  
His life was labor, and his breath was prayer,  
That Bishop all a mother's hopes had crowned,  
A brand from burning plucked—a lost one more than  
found.

Monica ! thy soft graces all were hid,  
In the effulgence of thy loved one's fame,  
But can we muse on what AUGUSTINE did,  
And not revere his Parent's honored name ?  
In memory's tide, *both shall commingling run,*  
*Both thrill the breast with joy, that Mother and her*  
*Son !!*

## POLYCARP AT PRAYER.

### A CHURCH BALLAD.

Polycarp was Bishop of Smyrna, and had been a disciple of St. John. Sought by his persecutors, he was at last discovered in the evening. He simply requested at their hands permission to pray one hour; which being granted, he prayed most fervently, so that those who were present were amazed. Brought soon after before the tribunal, he nobly refused to reproach his Saviour, and suffered martyrdom with unflinching fortitude. A. D. 167.—*Palmer's Church History.*

THE eve of martyrdom—he knows it well,  
For those gaunt messengers their errand tell :  
The fiery baptism is his birthright now :  
And shall he crouch in fear, or tamely bow  
In servile awe, because a despot's rod  
Becomes the rugged mean to speed his flight to God ?

Grant him one hour for prayer—one little hour,  
And heaven's sweet influence shall his soul empower ;  
And visions of his rest, his destined home,  
Shall to his withered heart like sun-beams come ;  
Then will he rise to quit him like a man,  
And follow, strong in Faith, where Stephen leads the  
van.

That hour of prayer—that calm, that hallowed pause,  
Around his soul Devotion's curtain draws,  
And John's disciple, like his Teacher blest,  
Pillows his griefs upon a Saviour's breast :  
In high communings loses sight of time,  
And owns no power but God's, and feels that power  
sublime.

Then the Tribunal comes—how cunning Art  
Would wrench the breast-plate from the hero's heart ;  
“ Reproach the Christ ! ”—no, sophistry of Hell !  
Thou hast for Polycarp no wizard spell ;  
For six and eighty years he keeps the vow,  
And could he—dare he thus blaspheme that Maker  
now ?

Bring out the victim—prayer has made him strong,  
Your fagots kindle—he will wake the Song ;  
The Cup of Christ !—to him the draught is sweet,  
Who hears the echoes of seraphic feet ;  
What though by man a fiery chariot's given,  
If those sweet angel bands convoy him safe to Hea-  
ven ?

'Tis o'er—a life of service and of care,  
And Smyrna's Bishop, with the snow-white hair,  
Is on the list of Martyrs—heaven is won,  
And John's disciple is as blest as John ;  
A Saviour's smile o'er pays a despot's frown :  
Forgot the scathing flame, when gain'd the radiant  
crown.

## A BISHOP'S DYING HYMN.

“The Sacrament was soon administered by the writer. At the proper place he requested to hear read the 93d Hymn, and as soon as the reading was ended, he sung clearly the second and third verses. During the night he said very little, and for about two hours before he expired, was nearly, if not quite insensible to what was passing around. He sunk into the arms of death without a struggle.”—Account of the last illness and death of the Right Rev. John Henry Hobart, Bishop of New York, from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Rudd.

THAT last exulting strain—how soft and clear,  
Its cadence fell upon the ravish'd ear,  
Speaking of Faith, and Love, and rapture high,  
Tuning the soul to heavenly symphony:  
Though racked with pain, behold the victor still,  
And list the blessed lay he sings with sweetest thrill.

Around the couch of anguish and unrest,  
Dissolved in grief his priestly children prest,  
“Sons in the Faith,” they wailed their mighty loss,  
The loss of thee, tried champion of the Cross,  
Of thee, who ever foremost in the van,  
Had battled for the Church since first thy course began.

Before the mystic elements were given,  
Which nerved thy soul so soon to pass to Heaven,  
Arose thy Hymn, as Nature loosed her strings,  
And o'er thy brow stole Death's dread shadowings,  
As if to antedate the richer song,  
Which swell, in realms afar, the beauteous ransomed  
throng.

Blest triumph this of Faith in darkest hour;  
No fears to shake—no doubts to overpower,  
A stream of radiance from the fount of love,  
Baptized thy Spirit as it rose above.  
The lustrous crown had caught that kindling eye,  
And HOBART *passed in song, immortal to the sky.*



## THE TWO DWELLINGS.

“I will tell you, Scholar, I have heard a grave divine say, that God hath two dwellings, one in Heaven, and the other in a meek and thankful heart.”—*Izaak Walton's Complete Angler.*

WHERE does he dwell? Look up to yonder arch,  
Where thick as dust the starry gems are strown,  
To yon expanse, where, in their noiseless march,  
The Planets move, like outguards of the throne.

Pass on in thought—shoot o'er this pale of light,  
This simple confine of a brighter sphere,  
And then, advanced to more than Pisgah height,  
Survey the realm, undimmed by Sorrow's tear.

In that recess—unscann'd by impious eye,  
Rich in the store of uncreated bliss,  
Wrapt in a garb of pure Infinity,  
Himself uncaused—but power creative his—

In that recess—the Infinite Unknown,  
His glorious court for boundless ages keeps ;  
His arm can wield Omnipotence alone,  
His eye Omniscient, slumbers not, nor sleeps.

But, humble Christian, in thy bosom dwells,  
*Not one sole ray* from that Almighty mind,  
But that which in its glory *far excels*,  
And leaves created splendor all behind.

Thou art *Christophorus*—thine inmost heart  
Enshrines the Word—he reigns in thee supreme ;  
A Temple of the Holy Ghost thou art,  
An honored vessel in thy God's esteem.

Oh, lowly bosom, what a wondrous guest,  
Unseen by human eye, but all thine own,  
Thy heart—on it, the *true Shecinah* rests,—  
Its Ark—its Altar—and its mystic Throne.

Then let such union blest be sundered not ;  
And when thy race of victory be run,  
Quick as the levin-flash, and swift as thought,  
Soar up and blend with God, as fire that seeks the Sun.

## THE VIGIL.

“Bishop Wilson, of Sodor and Man, was a man of prayer. Even in the night he might be heard. Sometimes the words of the Psalmist were indistinctly heard by his attendants. Sometimes parts of the Te Deum were recognized. Such were the nightly orisons of this holy man.”—*Church History*.

WHEN Night her ebon curtain spread  
Above a world of sorrow,  
And many a sad and fever'd head  
Was resting for the morrow,  
Upon the quiet air arose  
The tones of supplication,  
For ardent friends, for envious foes,  
For England's Church and nation.

And now the Psalms of Jesse's son,  
Imbued with love so fervent,  
Blent with the nightly orison  
Of Christ's devoted servant.

Anon Te Deum's glowing strain,  
That olden hymn inspiring,  
Which still ascends from Christian fane,  
His heart and tongue was firing.

The couch invited calm repose,  
And Nature called for slumber,  
But still that gray-haired prelate rose,  
The hours in prayer to number,—  
Like him who once prevailed with God,  
His sinfulness confessing,  
The patriarchal path he trod,  
And wrestled for a blessing.

And think you not that Angels sped,  
Their way through ether winging,  
And rapture through his bosom shed,  
As he his chant was singing!  
Oh, think you not that aiding grace  
Within his heart was planted,  
That glimpses of the Saviour's face  
By God's own love were granted.

Church of my love ! with sons like him,  
    To serve before thine Altar,  
Thy light may ne'er its radiance dim,  
    Thy course can never falter :  
Inscribing conquest on thy brow,  
    Thou still shalt bless the nations,  
Of earth the excellency *now*,  
    The praise of GENERATIONS.

## FAITH IN GOD.

“Oh, Lord, in Thee have I trusted, let me never be confounded.”—  
*Te Deum Laudamus.*

IN Thee have I trusted, and trust in Thee still,  
Though stern be Thy mandate, and bitter Thy will;  
For firm is my faith in Thy covenant care,  
It yields not an instant to doubt or despair.

In Thee have I trusted, and trust in Thee still,  
The word Thou hast pledged, Thou can'st surely fulfill:  
The hills may remove, and the mountains depart,  
But the names of Thy chosen are sealed on Thy heart.

In Thee have I trusted, and trust in Thee still,  
Through nights of affliction, and mornings of ill;  
When friend and companion have left me alone,  
No solace but Jesus—no stay but the Throne.

In Thee have I trusted, and trust in Thee still,  
When the breath of detraction is plotting me ill;  
My justice in season Thou bringest to sight,  
And makest my dealings as clear as the light.

In Thee have I trusted, through sunshine and pain,  
Dear Lord, I have trusted Thee never in vain;  
Thou wilt not deceive me, Thou canst not remove,  
Thy nature is Mercy—Thine attribute Love.

Oh, sickness may come with its grief-dealing train,  
And Death my enjoyments may sever in twain;  
The mercy vouchsafed me I cannot forget,  
I cling to the Saviour with confidence yet.

Then come to this bosom, affliction and woe,  
My hope in Jehovah I cannot forego;  
His service before me—His crown in my view,  
Who, who could be *faithless*, when He is so true?

His face may be dark, and His frown may appear,  
His tones of compassion may die on the ear;  
The joys that I cherish may crumble to dust,  
Yet still though He slay me, I cannot but trust.

## THE WATCHER'S HYMN.

“It was very common to sing Psalms and Hymns, during the night while watching the dead. Thus Augustine speaks of his Mother’s death, and says that Euodius took the Psalter and began to sing a Psalm, and the whole family answered alternately, “I will sing of mercy and of judgment, unto Thee, oh Lord will I sing.”—*Christian Antiquities*.

THE chamber wore a sombre hue,  
Death was the Sovereign there,  
And deeper yet the sadness grew,  
In hearts oppressed with care.

The household chain was broken now,  
The hearth’s delight was gone,  
For icy was a Mother’s brow,  
And hushed her loving tone.

She who had clasped her hands in prayer,  
And bent the suppliant knee,  
And sought the grace of Heaven to bear  
Life’s latest agony,—



Was resting in that Saviour's love,  
Whose Cross she meekly bore,  
A pillar in the courts above,  
Thence to go out no more.

And as around her breathless form,  
The Watchers calmly drew,  
And felt, that sheltered from the storm  
Was she, the good—the true.

The hallow'd page they opened there  
In the still midnight hour,  
The comfort of the Word to share,  
The Spirit's soothing power.

And thus their blended accents poured,  
And thus they praised their King,  
“Of Judgment and of Mercy, Lord,  
Our trembling voices sing.”

Of Judgment—for thy chastening rod,  
A fearful stroke has given,  
Of Mercy—for the Christian's God  
Transfers his gems to Heaven.

The dawn apace was creeping on,  
The ruddy streak of day,  
But in that solemn chamber, none  
Would yield to slumber's sway.

They placed sweet flowrets on her breast,  
Of bright and gorgeous dyes,  
And spoke of her unending rest,  
Who bloomed beyond the skies.

And still those ancient Saints adored,  
And still they praised their King :  
“Of judgment and of Mercy, Lord,  
Our trembling voices sing.”

“BE PITIFUL.”

SERVANT of Christ—alas ! how oft,  
With languid faith and senses dull,  
Hast thou the import large forgot,  
Of those sweet words—“Be Pitiful.”

And yet how binding is the Law,  
Which love of self can ne’er annul,  
The Law, which, taxing every heart,  
Would bid *each pulse*—“Be pitiful.”

“Be pitiful”—for longing eyes,  
Moist with such tears as Pilgrims shed,  
Through blinding drops look up to Thee,  
When Hope is wrecked, and sunlight fled.

And he, who, in temptation’s hour,  
Poor child of frailty, strayed and fell,  
Shall in thine ear with quivering tone,  
His tale of sad defection tell.

Say not—'tis hard to stoop to woe,  
Nor yield but stinted sympathy;  
Go, condescend to lowliest deed,  
*When sin abased a GOD for thee.*

Not *stoop* to woe? Yon sunbeam bright,  
Can nestle in a flowret's breast;  
The Star can give itself to Earth;  
When mirrored 'neath the billow's crest,

Those Rainbow tints which paint the cloud,  
Can linger on the dancing spray;  
The Bird which carols far aloft,  
Can chirp in quiet glens its lay.

So, child of Jesus, speed to bless  
The humblest soul that craves thy care,  
Mindful, that for each gentle act,  
Thou shalt a Saviour's favor share.

Then, chronicled beyond the stars,  
"Thy righteous dealing" all shall be,  
And Mercy, in the day of ire,  
Shall spring, a healing stream, for thee.

## PRO ECCLESIA.

“And again we exhort you, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye have in remembrance, into how high a dignity, and to how weighty an office and charge ye are called, that is to say, to be messengers, stewards, and watchmen of the Lord.”—*The Ordering of Priests.*

PRO Ecclesia—up and toil,  
While the crimson east is glowing,  
Thickly soon Night's shade will fall,  
Fast the stream of life is flowing:  
Heart and hand, and voice and pen,  
Pledge them all to dying men.

Mind'st thou not that solemn vow,  
Which from altar-side ascended?  
Wilt thou shrink a craven now,  
Ere the dusty road be ended?  
Heat and burden nobly bear,  
Strife and watching firmly share.

Ye are shepherds—guard the fold,  
“People of *His* pasture” feeding,  
Let *His* Truth be kept unsold,  
Error’s syren voice unheeding :  
Want and woe, if come they must,  
Ne’er should *drive* you from your trust.

Pro Ecclesia—stand you then,  
Like the Vestals, by the Altar,  
Never for the scoff of men,  
Should your heart a moment falter :  
If the Saviour do but smile,  
Bear the taunt, and spurn the wile.

Faithful Steward! oh, when Death,  
Like a shadow o’er thee stealeth,  
Gladly wilt thou yield thy breath,  
For the bliss thy God revealeth :  
Then, like star from waning free,  
Shalt thou shine eternally.

## THE DEATH OF MOSES.

“And die in the Mount whither thou goest up.”—*Deuteronomy.*

Go, ascend the green-clad mountain,  
Moses, go, and gently die ;  
Gaze upon Siloam's fountain,  
View Judæa's purple sky.

On the Jordan's swelling waters,  
Fix but once thy fainting sight :  
Then, amid thy sons and daughters,  
Sink to death's oblivious night.

Olives' mount shall pass before thee,  
Sharon's roses fill the air,  
But thy God cannot restore thee,  
To inhale the fragrance there :

For, beside the Rock when standing,  
With the Rod of fairy might,  
In thy feeble name commanding,  
Water from the flinty height—

Then, my Servant, didst thou grieve me,  
Then thy meekness changed to pride,  
All thy goodness seemed to leave thee,  
Calling forth the crystal tide.

Fondly had I thought to place thee,  
In Judæa's fruitful dale,  
But the earth-clod must encase thee,  
And thy loss my people wail.

When thy heart hath ceased its bounding,  
And thy sinewy arm is cold,  
When thy voice no more is sounding  
All my mighty deeds of old:—

Then, within a land of glory,  
Brighter—fairer far than this,  
Shalt thou chant Redemption's story,  
And thy harp be strung to bliss.

Up he went, with staff ascending,  
Wondrous visions cheered his eyes,  
Angel bands his steps attending,  
Leading him to Paradise.



Thus he stood—a Pilgrim hoary,  
Waiting meekly but to die,  
And dishonor changed to glory,  
Time to Immortality.

## BUT YESTERDAY WE SPRANG TO BIRTH.

“We are but of yesterday, yet we have filled your empire, your cities, your castles, your corporate towns, your assemblies, your very camps.”  
—“We constitute almost the majority in every town.”—*Tertullian*,  
A. D. 198.

BUT yesterday we sprang to birth,  
Disciples of a martyr'd King,  
Now, heralded throughout the earth,  
Our noble faith is triumphing.

Ye thought to crush that mystic tree,  
Whose leaves the fainting nations heal,  
But now its branches wide and free,  
The Planter's mighty arm reveal.

The thronging mart, who mingle there?  
They whom the world could once deride.  
What glitters on yon house of prayer?  
The sign of Him ye crucified.

Go to the court where grandeur reigns,  
 And men too oft their God forget;  
 Go, learn—Ambition never stains  
 A *Christian* ruler's coronet.

On mountain-top—by rolling flood,  
 Within the deep and shaded glen,  
 The glowing theme is Jesus' blood,  
 Effused for dying—guilty men.

In senate and in camp they move,  
 The just, the upright, and the true,  
 All eloquent for Him they love,  
 Prepared to *suffer*, or to *do*.

They heed not axe, nor lash, nor thorn,  
 Supported by the Holy Ghost,  
 Fair as the bright and purple morn,  
 And potent as a bannered host.

Though yesterday we sprang to birth,  
 Disciples of a martyr'd King,  
 Soon shall a sin-benighted earth,  
 The conquests of Emmanuel sing.

## THE CHURCH NOT NEW.

“As to the pretension of a Protestant Episcopal Church having been in existence before the sixteenth century, British divines maintain it, but it has ever been repudiated by all unprejudiced historians as the baseless fabric of a vision.”—*Guilliard*.

No—farther back than saintly Paul,  
Our blood-bought charter goes ;  
By *Christ's* omnific sovereign call,  
The Church's fabric rose.

Before the city of the hills,  
Advanced her lordly claim ;  
Or men of guile with stubborn wills,  
Gave Heresy a name :

With buttress firm upon the Rock,  
In towering pride alone,  
She braved of earth and hell the shock,  
With Christ her corner-stone.

“A Creature made by mortal hand!”

No—HE who framed the skies,  
And counts each grain of Ocean’s sand,  
And gives the flower its dyes—

He placed within his blood-bought fold,  
The sacred Orders three;  
And from that hour we firmly hold,  
Our settled Ministry.

What—sprang the Church we doubly prize,  
From royal Henry’s nod?  
Take back the word—the Christian cries,  
She owes her birth to God.

PROTESTING from her natal hour,  
When Error reared its crest;  
EPISCOPAL in NAME and POWER,  
While earth her claim confessed;

A Witness for the Truth she stood,  
Unheeding shame or loss;  
Her potent seal—EMMANUEL’S blood,  
Her battle-cry—THE Cross.

AND STAND SHE WILL, till He shall come,  
Who bade her portals rise,  
To give His every child a home,  
A Kingdom in the skies.

## THE BELL OF THE FLOATING CHAPEL,

RECENTLY PRESENTED BY THE SUNDAY SCHOOLS OF CHRIST CHURCH  
PARISH.

RING out its peal ! and as the cadence floats  
Far o'er the azure waters, men shall pause,  
While, like an angel's tongue, those silvery notes,  
Speak to the heart of Jesus and his cause,  
Invite to prayer, and Zion's holy strain,  
And welcome to the fold poor wanderers of the main.

Ring out its peal ! 'twill tell of children's love,  
Tell of the generous warmth which fills the breast,  
The glow of feeling kindled from above,  
Ere the young soul by earth has been possest :  
Yes, let its changes wake the sleeping air,  
While rugged seamen weep, and think *who placed it*  
*there.*

List to its voice ! at first the gentle swell,  
Then the full burst, so joyous and so clear ;  
Ah, how it speaks of Heaven—that thrilling bell,  
Until the inmost spirit wakes to hear ;  
While he who tosses on the briny sea,  
Feels in his heart—*that bell is calling me.*

Sons of the Church ! shall childhood bring its gift,  
And will not ye be roused to double life ?  
Yes, pour the offering with unstinted hand ;  
Here be competitors—'tis holy strife ;  
Give—give the Gospel—can ye heed the cost ?  
When ye yourselves are *safe*—can ye forget the *lost* ?

Chime on, sweet bell, may thousands heed thy call,  
Turn from the spoiler's path, and weep for sin,  
Then strong in Faith before the footstool fall,  
Invoking grace the victor crown to win ;  
And when the sailor's latest hour has sped,  
Strike on his ear once more, and tell of "*land ahead.*"



## SAINT MARTIN, BISHOP OF TOURS.

THE FOLLOWING EFFUSION IS BASED UPON A BEAUTIFUL FACT IN  
CHURCH HISTORY.

'Twas freezing keenly, and the blast  
Went whistling round the hill,  
And flakes of snow descended fast,  
Upon the purling rill.

Before an ample casement stood,  
A soldier, sternly bold,  
To scan with eager eye the flood,  
That 'neath his turrets roll'd ;

For shiv'ring by its brink he spied,  
A tottering, aged man,  
Who oft had seen the seasons glide,  
And now had reach'd his span.

The soldier had a melting heart,  
Though darkly stern his mien,  
And quickly would the tear-drop start,  
Whene'er distress was seen.

He wrapp'd him in his doublet's fold,  
And took his trusty blade,  
And stood beside the beggar old,  
In martial garb array'd :

In twain he cleft his mantle wide,  
And gave its half away,  
To wrap that beggar by his side,  
On such a wintry day.

A beauteous dream was his that night,  
To see a Seraph band,  
And mid them all the Lord of Life,  
In matchless beauty stand.

Around that Saviour's noble form,  
The doublet's half was cast,  
Then did his generous soul grow warm,  
In musing on the past ;

He woke in tears—his pillow wet ;  
That simple deed of love,  
A sweet approving smile had met,  
From the good Lord above.

That kindly act *to Christ* was done,  
To Christ belong the poor,  
So JESUS PUT THE MANTLE ON,  
And smiled beside his door.

\* \* \* \*

An ancient tower is pealing forth  
Its merry matin-tone,  
And from the south to distant north,  
Its service-call is known :

Who reads with deferential grace,  
The lofty, thrilling prayer ?  
The features of a well-known face,  
Are now enkindling there.

He has, 'tis true, a priestly stole,  
His head with years is grey,  
But his was once a soldier's soul :  
Upon a wintry day,

His doublet's half to *Christ* he gave,  
When once the poor he blest,  
And then his priceless soul to save,  
To Jesus' side he prest.

A *Soldier* once—a *Bishop* then,  
In feeling heart the same,  
The Church among her faithful men,  
Now ranks *St. Martin's* name.

## THE CHRISTIAN HERO.

STANZAS TO THE MEMORY OF THE REV. WHITING GRISWOLD, LATE RECTOR OF ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, ST. LOUIS, MO., WHO RECENTLY FELL A VICTIM TO THE PREVAILING EPIDEMIC, WHILE DISCHARGING HIS MINISTERIAL DUTY.

“Thou art fallen, young tree, with all thy beauty round thee; thou art fallen on the plains, and all the field is bare. The wind comes from the desert, and there is no sound in thy leaves.”—*Ossian—Poem of Berrathon.*

AND thou hast gone—the Archer's poison'd dart,  
Hath sent the death-pang to thy noble heart,  
Sepulchral stillness settles round thy form,  
And that mild face, with generous feeling warm,  
No more beams out to light a kindred ray,  
In eyes now doubly dimmed since thou hast pass'd away.

Thine was a Martyr's transit—hallow'd zeal,  
Bore thee right on in deeds of Christian love,  
But soon did angel accents downward steal—  
“The crown, the palm-branch, wait thee now above.”

In that soft cadence pain was lulled to rest,  
And the dread scourge, to thee, a Messenger, how blest !

When to the trumpet's clang the warrior hies,  
His life-blood pledging to his native shore,  
And struggling nobly, rattling hail defies,  
Shouts mid his pangs, and triumphs stained with gore,  
Then Freedom chants her eulogistic song,  
And bids the distant age the swelling strain prolong.

And when in Duty's van the Christian falls,  
Foremost and first mid pestilence and death,  
Prompt to respond wherever suffering calls,  
And mid his labors yielding back his breath,  
Perish the thought that *He* should die unwept,  
And have no sacred shrine in which *his* name is kept.

Soldier of Jesus, thou has served thy Lord,  
With faith unshrinking to the latest hour,  
Pass onward, upward, to thy bright reward,  
The starry crown, the amaranthine bower ;  
Thine was the turmoil of the battle plain,  
Now thine with Christ for aye a "King and Priest" to  
reign.

One cypress bough above thy grave we place,  
    Betokening sorrow for a Church bereft ;  
One line of grief upon that stone we trace,  
    For friends and loved ones thou hast early left ;  
Then scatter flowers upon thy lowly bed,  
And tears of chasten'd Joy are all the tears we shed.

## CHRISTIAN PEACE.

“ Oh Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world, grant us thy Peace.”—*The Litany.*

WHEN conscience, with its tongue of flame,  
The guilt of heart and life shall name,  
And Sinai's mount its thunder peals,  
As horror o'er the bosom steals ;  
Then be thy saving blood applied,  
Thou Lamb of God who meekly died ;  
Then bid the Law its threatening cease,  
And grant me thine eternal Peace.

Passion its storm will raise within,  
And wake to birth the monster sin,  
And lusts which war against the soul,  
Will seek my spirit to control :  
Then, Lamb of God, who calmed the wave,  
Thy chosen ones from death to save,  
Oh, bid the tempest quickly cease,  
And grant me thy subduing Peace.



Affliction with its iron rod,  
Will say—Be still and know thy God,  
The cup of trembling must I taste,  
When to my lips by Jesus placed,  
Then dissipate the thickening gloom,  
The prospect with thy grace illumine:  
Oh, Lamb of God, bid murmurs cease,  
And grant me thy consoling Peace.

And when at last the midnight cry,  
Proclaims the Bridegroom's advent nigh,  
Then with a holy, Christian hope,  
Help me to yield my spirit up,  
Then, dying Lamb, thy *Peace* impart,  
• Sustain in death my failing heart,  
And let me hear the rapturous word,  
“Come Home, thou blessed of the Lord.”

## OH, SPEAK TO THY BROTHER.

OH, speak to thy Brother, perchance he has erred.  
But magic there dwells in a comforting word,  
And a sentence of counsel, imparted in love,  
May steal to his heart as the tone of the dove.

The iron of censure has entered his soul,  
Speak soothingly once and the tear-drop will roll,  
The gushings of penitence, tempered with bliss,  
The ray of fresh confidence, all shall be his.

True, others forsake him when wreck'd with despair;  
Will you make his burden still harder to bear?  
Oh, ease then, that load which is crushing him fast,  
One brow let there be with no frown overcast.

His guilt may be dark—and the merciless storm,  
Of stern accusation is bowing his form;  
Let him creep to thy heart till its peltings are o'er.  
And then he may wander from virtue no more.

Say,—say—dost thou hope for the mercy of Heaven,  
And hast thou full oft been by Jesus forgiven ?  
Then stand like an angel to shelter and cheer,  
And bid the bright rainbow illumine the tear.

Should others reproach thee—oh, heed not the jest,  
Speak kind to the erring—and hope for the best :  
If Godhead could stoop for the vilest to die,  
Compassion's sweet boon wilt thou dare to deny ?

No, speak to thy Brother—rise up and be strong ;  
What matters to thee the rough taunt of the throng ?  
Let him creep to one heart till the tempest is o'er,  
And then he may wander from virtue no more.

## THE WEEPING CHURCH.—A LENTEN MEASURE.

“The Bridegroom shall be taken away from them, and then shall they fast.”

THE Church, in sable weeds of grief,  
Her absent Lord laments ;  
And in the syllables of woe,  
Her burdened feeling vents.  
The Bridegroom's voice she hears not now,  
In soft impassioned tone ;  
He passed beyond her straining sight,  
To grace his Father's throne.

Ah, blame her not, as toiling on,  
In more than wintry wild,  
She weeps as one who mourns apart,  
“His dove, his undefiled.”  
Her heart within the veil is set,  
Her trusting heart is there,  
Where Christ the blest Forerunner pleads,  
With interceding prayer.

The tabret and the harp of earth,  
Grate discord on her ear,  
For ashes are her beauty now,  
Her solace is the tear;  
While cruel mockers gather round,  
And wave the iron rod,  
And, filled with bitterness, exclaim,  
“Ah, where is now thy God.”

Then bright the day, and blest the hour,  
When Christ again shall come,  
And she, His waiting Bride, the Church,  
Be welcomed to her Home:  
Then militant on Earth no more,  
Her eye no longer dim,  
The Heaven, and Heaven of Heavens, shall peal  
With her espousal hymn.

“IN TE, DOMINE, SPERAVI.”

“PRIEST: Lift up your hearts.

ANSWER: We lift them up unto the Lord.”—*Communion Service.*

LIFT up your hearts—it is an Angel’s pleading,  
As anguish keen the fount of grief unseals;  
And he who mid his woe that voice is heeding,  
Secures the balsam which his bosom heals.

Lift up your hearts—this scene of brief probation,  
Is but the vestibule to yonder sky,  
And they whose portion here is tribulation,  
Seats doubly bright will occupy on high.

Lift up your hearts—though born and reared in sorrow,  
Though tempted oft to entertain despair,  
From God’s blest volume Faith can surely borrow,  
Enough to dissipate the darkest care.

Lift up thy heart—though loved ones pass to heaven,  
 And leave thee bending o’er the grassy mound;  
 Rejoice that now, accepted and forgiven,  
 They walk in white since worthy they are found.

Lift up thy heart—departed ones shall greet thee,  
 From every feature beaming seraph bliss;  
 The tried—the true—the gentle all shall meet thee,  
 In regions sunnier—lovelier far than this.

Lift up thy heart—when malice plans thy ruin,  
 The wrath of man shall work thy Maker’s praise;  
 And He who notes his creature’s every doing,  
 Will yet subvert the dark designer’s ways.

If mid His jewels is thy spirit counted,  
 Safe as the apple of His eye thou art;  
 And, on his throne in regal grandeur mounted,  
 Unknown to thee He vindicates thy part.

Yes, child of trouble, let the storm-cloud gather,  
 Thou hast a refuge till its peltings cease;  
 When dies the tempest, thy indulgent Father,  
 Will span the azure with a bow of peace.

Lift up thy heart—oh, list those mellow numbers,  
As down they float to this sad world of ours;  
And if in guilt thy deathless spirit slumbers,  
To God thy Saviour dedicate its powers.

Look off from time, with all its airy dreaming,  
Bow down in dust upon a suppliant knee;  
And say, as rapture in thine eye is gleaming,  
My heart, oh God, my heart I lift to thee.



## THE LITTLE CLOUD.

When Julian the Apostate commanded Athanasius to leave the city of Alexandria, as he departed from his see, and beheld the people weeping around him, he exclaimed, "Take courage, this is but a little cloud, which shall quickly pass away;" and so indeed it proved. For on the accession of Jovian, Athanasius was promptly restored.—*Church History.*

TAKE courage—'tis a little cloud,  
That soon will pass away,  
The hearts that now with grief are bowed,  
May only grieve to-day.  
To-morrow, up the azure height  
The sun may dart his beam,  
And then one joyous burst of light,  
O'er mount and vale shall stream.

When thwarted plans and baffled hopes,  
Become our only store,  
And the crush'd spirit barely copes,  
With ills unknown before,

Despond not—yet the tide will turn,  
The gales propitious play ;  
Take courage—'tis a little cloud,  
That soon will pass away.

When doubts eclipse the ray of joy,  
And fears their shadows cast,  
When rugged seems the way to bliss,  
And foes come crowding fast,  
Faint not—a mightier power than thine,  
Is pledged those foes to slay,  
Light shall at last for thee be sown,  
The cloud shall pass away.

But shades there not the vale of Death,  
A cloud of sombre fold ?  
Yes—but the eagle-eye of Faith,  
Detects the streak of gold :  
Those radiant tints shall wider spread,  
And form one burnish'd sea,  
Till thine at last, triumphant Saint,  
Is Immortality.

## THE SWEET CALL.

“Next may be mentioned the Hallelujah, and the Halleluatic Psalms; the former was the most common; when used it was sung by all the people, and Augustine terms it “the Christian’s sweet call,” whereby they invited one another to sing praises unto Christ.”—*Christian Antiquities*.

WHEN priestly lips would bid us praise,  
The Lord of life who loves us all,  
The Church doth Hallelujahs raise,  
And doubly sweet regard the call.

Then lowly hearts with rapture thrill,  
Reviewing countless mercies given,  
While faith grows firm, and doubts are still,  
And Hope is catching views of Heaven :

Then lays the Church her ashes by,  
And beauty in their place receives,  
While to the deep—the contrite sigh,  
Succeeds the peace that Jesus gives.

But oh, if sweet the call to praise,  
    Within the earthly fane of God,  
What loud ascriptions shall we raise,  
    Admitted to yon bright abode.

If lovelier than the song-bird's note,  
    Devotion's gushing strain of love,  
How richly will our anthems float,  
    When the freed spirit soars above.

Dear Saviour, rising thus to Thee,  
    Encumbered by no fleshly thrall,  
Will not Thy faithful children see,  
    THAT DEATH CAN GIVE THE SWEETEST CALL.

## FALL OF JERUSALEM.

“ Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for Me, but weep for yourselves and your children.”—*St. Luke* xxiii. 28.

OH, weep not, Jerusalem's daughters,  
For Him who is toiling along,  
He drinketh of agony's waters,  
But the Cross is preceding the song.

But weep that the Roman invader  
Shall march to your city of pride,  
And when in the dust he has laid her,  
Your deep-seated anguish deride.

And weep that the child of your bosom,  
By parents so fondly adored,  
Shall perish an innocent blossom,  
A prey to the conqueror's sword.

The curse is upon thee, my nation,  
The sword from its scabbard shall leap,  
And Salem, in stern desolation,  
Above the wide ruin shall weep.

Yet He who is toiling in weakness,  
With chaplet of thorns on His brow,  
Besought thee in love, and in meekness,  
Beneath His dear sceptre to bow.

But the message of mercy is ended,  
My blood, like a millstone shall fall,  
For the wish that to God has ascended,  
Ye cannot, my people, recall.\*

Then faithful, affectionate daughters,  
Distill for your Salem the tear,  
Your city—a valley of slaughter,  
Your heritage—trembling and fear.

\* Matt. xxvii. 25.

## OH LORD, THE WATERS SAW THEE.

THE teeming host pressed onward still,  
From Misraim's land of blood and grief,  
Forgetting all the bitter ill,  
In thinking of the sweet relief:  
See Moses raise that mystic rod,  
Before united Israel's view,  
The waters saw Thee, *then*, oh God,  
And let Thy ransomed people through.

The priestly band to Jordan sped,  
Bearing their hallowed burden still,  
And back the sever'd waters fled,  
And on they press'd to Zion's hill:  
Forth marched that army in its might,  
A band of joyous, shouting men,  
The promised land was in their sight,  
Oh God, the waters saw Thee *then*.

Beside the Jordan's verdant shore,  
 I see my lowly Saviour stand,  
 Receiving (He whom saints adore,)
 The baptism of His creature's hand;  
 The mystic dove alights in air,  
 The Father's voice declares his Son,  
 Oh God, the waters saw Thee there,  
 When once that hallowed rite was done.

A walking form is on the wave,  
 His mien is high, and stern His glance,  
 The sea must surely prove His grave,  
 Who dares so reckless thus advance;  
 He treads the main like grassy sod,  
 With step as light, with gait as free,  
 For oh, those waters saw a God,  
 Those darkling waves of Galilee.

Soon from a world of woe like this,  
 My heart must turn its thoughts aside,  
 But ere I gain the shore of bliss,  
 With Jesus must I stem the tide;  
 Redeemer, God, be with me there,  
 Impart Thy saving health and grace,  
 No sting I feel—I own no care,  
 If *Death's cold waters view Thy face.*



## THE COUNCIL OF THE CHURCH.

“And as they thus spake, *Jesus himself* stood in the midst of them, and saith unto them, *Peace* be unto you.”—*Luke* xxiv. 36.

“Lo, *I* am with you *always*, even unto the end of the world.”—*Matthew* xxviii. 20.

A SORROWING band they met—their Master gone,  
And Israel's hope eclipsed to mortal ken ;  
A spirit crush'd reveal'd each quivering tone,  
And deep dejection mark'd those chosen men.

Convened that infant Church in weeds of grief,  
And dark presages foemen whispered round ;  
But see—what vision brings its sweet relief.  
And bid with rapture every bosom bound ;

Jesus, the Church's Head is with them now,  
Their earliest gathering thus to richly bless ;  
The cloud of gloom to roll from every brow,  
And steep their spirits in His love's caress.

That little band, a solid phalanx grown,  
With Hope thrice buoyant, and in Jesus strong ;  
Now battle stoutly Satan to dethrone,  
And “ *Pro Ecclesia* ” is the victor-song,

Once more its Council meets—the anointed train,  
Who bear the Ark before Jehovah’s van ;  
New strength by kindly fellowship to gain,  
And weighty acts by blended wisdom plan.

And will not He, the Faithful and the True,  
Who cheer’d His chosen as they sat depressed ;  
Oh, will He not preside unseen with you,  
And shed His influence in each waiting breast ?

Should fancied omens fill with doubts the good,  
And timid hearts anticipate but ill ;  
Then He Who once by John in Patmos stood,  
Their hopes will kindle, and their tremors still. .

His promised Spirit will impart its ray,  
His guiding hand each high decision mould ;  
For bright achievements still prepare the way,  
And views of duty lucidly unfold.

Then to the work—the hallow'd trust discharge,  
Your noblest powers to vigorous action bring;  
Quit you like men—and be to Earth at large,  
SONS OF THE FAITH, AND CHAMPIONS OF YOUR KING.

CALVARY CHURCH.—MONUMENT TO  
BISHOP WHITE.

“Our object is to erect, in the Northern Liberties, a Church which shall *both* commemorate the worth of the first Anglo-American Prelate, Bishop White, and afford to all, to poor as well as rich, the precious means of grace, which our blessed Master has ordained for the salvation of Mankind.”—*Report of the Ladies Missionary Association.*

How time has circled o'er our head,  
Since that dear Prelate passed away,  
Our sacramental host who led,  
In many a dark and troublous day.

Yet memory oft will sketch his form,  
The silvery locks—the placid brow,  
Each feature with affection warm.  
Depict themselves before us now.

But have we reared a lasting shrine,  
The witness of his virtues rare?  
Do Gratitude and Love combine,  
And thus his peerless worth declare?

In firm, compact, embodied form,  
What granite tablet speaks his name?  
What *pile* preserves his image warm,  
And still transmits his deeds to fame?

Ah none—yet still if toil be blest,  
And woman's work of Faith sustained,  
Success must fill with joy the breast,  
And that dear project soon be gained.

The Daughters of the Church would rear,  
A temple, with its portals free,  
And train and nurture spirits there,  
God's chosen ones at last to be.

And as that monumental fane,  
Shall burst upon their longing sight,  
Its Altar, aisle, and glowing pane,  
Shall breathe the name of BISHOP WHITE.

Let manhood bring its coffer'd store,  
Be woman's tribute gladly given,  
Let childhood, too, its offering pour,  
Winning the fostering smile of Heaven.

Yes, consecrate to God the gold,  
And as that Temple rises free,  
Until its topmost stone is told,  
Let Grace, free Grace, the shouting be !

## THE GREEKS AT THE FEAST.

“Sir, we would see Jesus.”

THEY wandered through the massive gates,  
And gazed upon the motley throng,  
They heard the white-robed band pour out,  
The flood of solemn, ancient song.

The turbaned Rabbi and the Scribe,  
In brodered robes and fringes gay,  
Pressed on with eager glance to join,  
The rites of that thrice festal day.

But they—the Grecian Pilgrims—saw,  
No magic show to bind them there,  
Though incense with a perfumed cloud,  
Was filling fast the House of Prayer.

The Sanhedrim enthroned in State,  
To these poor wanderers all were nought,  
For Jesus, in that clustered throng—  
For Him, the Christ, alone they sought.

Sir, we would see him—for our ears  
Have heard his god-like acts of love;  
Sir, we would see him—for his heart,  
Attunes itself to heaven above.

Thus, Saviour, when Thy courts we tread,  
'Tis only Thee we long to view,  
Thee in the sacramental grace,  
Thee in the blest baptismal dew;

Thee in the read and spoken word,  
Thee in the Church's ancient hymn:  
Thee would we see, our risen Lord,  
Now throned above the Seraphim.

And, oh, when faith is merged in sight,  
And death's mysterious shadows flee,  
Thee first in that unfading world,  
The just made perfect long to see.



The rainbow round the throne grows dim,  
The pearly gates attract no more,  
For heart and eye with Christ are filled,  
And Faith can have no richer store.

# FAINT, YET PURSUING.

AN APOSTROPHE TO THE CHURCH.

CHURCH of the living God,  
Awake the victor song,  
A toilsome path thou long hast trod,  
And yet must march along ;  
Thy Banner to Creation fling,  
And take possession for thy King.

Thy field is now the World,  
What noble field of strife,  
And Satan from his throne is hurled,  
If thou but wak'st to life ;  
Strike home for Jesus and his word,  
And give the Kingdoms to thy Lord.

What noble sons were thine,  
When dauntless souls like Paul,  
The strength of heart and arm combined,  
And gave to Christ their all ;

Then Islands in the southern sea,  
Then northern climes in Christ were free.

Ah, those were days of Faith,  
When vengeance marked the good,  
And thorns were with the mitre worn,  
And Prelates pour'd their blood ;  
That warm libation, rich and free,  
Was shed by giant hearts for Thee.

Give thee but souls like these,  
With daring in their eye,  
And out upon the distant breeze,  
The Banner's folds shall fly ;  
And mountain-top and heaving sea,  
Shall wake unwonted melody.

Church of the living God,  
The Earth is grossly dark,  
But Bel must bow and Nebo stoop,  
Before the Mystic ark :  
On to the noble rescue, on,  
Sword of the Lord and Gideon.

Church of the living God,  
In trustfulness move on,  
And spread the seed of Truth abroad,  
Till all shall kiss the Son ;  
Then bursts on Earth a cloudless day,  
Then kindles Glory's lasting ray.

## CONTRITION.

FATHER, Thou knowest how weak the endeavor,  
To break from the thralldom of passion and sin;  
Father, Thou knowest how hard 'tis to sever,  
The chain of corruption that binds us within.

Lured from our duty by voices of pleasure,  
Drawn from Thy bosom by earth and its toys,  
Heeding but little the soul and its treasure,  
Wasting existence in profitless joys.

Father, like wanderers have we been roving,  
Turning to mortals as stays of the soul,  
Ever forgetting thy favor so loving,  
Ever unminding eternity's goal.

Weak are the hearts that, with pain and relenting,  
Turn from their idols, dear Parent Divine:  
Turn from their folly with tears and repenting,  
Round Thee again their affections to twine.

Oh, when the sunlight was dancing around us,  
Health in the bosom and joy in the gale,  
Then in that moment the Syren has found us,  
Willing, too willing, to list to her tale:

Still would we come to the throne and the altar,  
Pleading Thy promise benignant and free,  
Still would these lips with emotion that falter,  
Breathe out attachment, dear Jesus, to Thee.

Take the poor heart as it comes in its sorrow,  
Bind up the wound and the cordial bestow,  
To-day it is grieving, but, oh, on the morrow,  
Let gladness and sunshine succeed to its woe.

## THE FLOATING CHAPEL.

“The abundance of the sea shall be converted unto thee.”—*Isaiah*.

Joy to thy bosom, thou child of the ocean,  
Bright is the beacon which gleams o'er the wave,  
He who has stilled the wild billow's commotion,  
Hasteth to seek thee—and seeketh to save.

Moved by a sympathy glowing and tender,  
Children of Jesus would raise thee from woe,  
All the kind offices friendship can render,  
Hearts of compassion would gladly bestow.

Thine it shall be in a haven to linger,  
Where the blest temple invites thee to come,  
Where the robed Priest, with his sky-pointing finger,  
Bids thee press on to thy blood-purchased home.

Blending thy voice with the jubilant anthem,  
    Bowing thy knee when confessions arise,  
Wilt thou not fit thee to join with the ransomed ;  
    In the blest chorus which floats through the skies ?

Thus shalt thou vanquish the lures of Abaddon,  
    Strong in the faith of the "Mighty to Save,"  
Hopes of salvation thy spirit will gladden,  
    When the stern tempest around thee shall rave.

Joy to thy bosom—thou child of the billow,  
    For bright is the beacon which gleams o'er the wave,  
Though rough be thy lot, and hard be thy pillow,  
    Yet Jesus shall seek thee, and seek thee to save.



## DAVID'S LAMENT.

"I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."

OH, yes, I feel I shall go to Him  
When my heart is cold and my eye is dim,  
And the soul that bows in its grief alone,  
On a Seraph's wing to its rest has flown.

They would bring the harp with its sounds of joy,  
To drown the thought of my sainted boy,  
But his gentle form is upon my brain,  
Though I list as erst to the minstrel strain.

The plant has gone from Judæa's vine,  
As around its trunk it began to twine ;  
The gem is dark on my kingly brow,  
And the dust of grief is upon me now.

How deep my woe for the babe who died,  
But he lingers yet by his parent's side,  
For with morning's gush and with day's decline,  
He seems to come to this heart of mine.

But, anguish'd spirit, thy murmurs still,  
Thy babe has gone to a sunlit hill,  
Life's cup, with cares to its utmost brim,  
Death's shadowy angel has turn'd from *him*.

He cannot come from his deep repose,  
To check the tear which unbidden flows,  
He cannot come with his soft, blue eye,  
Nor his voice of entrancing melody.

But, oh, I know I shall go to Him,  
When my heart is cold and my eye is dim,  
And the soul that bows in its grief alone,  
On a Seraph's wing to its rest has flown.

## THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

“ Give me the Prayers of my Mother, the Church ; there are none  
like hers.”

THY heart is sad—corroding care,  
Hath wrought its sternest workings there,  
As songs that die along the shore,  
Thy brightest joys are now no more ;  
Yet, stricken one, retire awhile,  
From Earth’s dark scenes of grief and guile,  
And at the hour when sunlight’s glow,  
Is fading from the world below,  
Then bend Devotion’s willing knee,  
And Peace, sweet Peace, will visit thee.

The hour of Prayer—how pure—how calm,  
It brings the Pilgrim spirit-balm,  
The balm which mollifies his woe,  
Arrests the tear-drop in its flow,

And bends above the battling storm,  
The Rainbow's bright and lustrous form ;  
Hope leaps exulting in the hour,  
When sense and sin forego their power,  
And while such precious moments last,  
We have, of Heaven, the antepast.

Yes, take the form so dear of old,  
In which thy Father's wants were told,  
The hallow'd words which martyrs breath'd,  
The legacy which Saints bequeath'd,  
And breathe thy longings in an Ear,  
Which stoops thy least complaint to hear ;  
Thus, at the hour when sunlight's glow  
Is fading from the world below,  
If bow'd upon Devotion's knee,  
Sweet Peace will gently visit thee.

## THE SONG OF THE AUTUMN WIND.

DID you hear the stern wind as it swept through the  
woodland,

Whose rich leafy treasures it scattered afar ?  
Then listen—it speaks to the depths of the spirit,  
And freighted with music the syllables are.

I come like a minstrel the notes to awaken,  
And out on Creation the melody fling:  
My harp how majestic—the solemn old forest,  
And each withered tree shall afford it a string.

Gone—gone are the flowerets—they bloom'd but a  
season,  
Imparted their nectar and vanish'd away,  
Like Earth-joys which ravish the heart of the dreamer,  
The morrow entombing the bliss of to-day.

No green on the leaf—it is shrivell'd and dusky,  
Unheeded it floats on the face of the stream,  
A type of the sad one who buffets the tempest,  
When anguish succeeds to his halcyon dream.

Since last I awakened the Song of the Forest  
How riches have flown, and how friends have be-  
tray'd,  
How Faith has grown cold, and how vows have been  
broken,  
How Vice has entangled, and Virtue decay'd.

New graves have been hallow'd, and tears have enrich'd  
them,  
Such tears as must issue unbribed from the eye,  
When they who have twined like the tendrils around  
us,  
Have turn'd from the hearth-stone to sicken and  
die.

Yet Pilgrim—look up—though the Autumn hath  
dirges,  
Spring beckons thee onward—Elysian Spring,  
Where mortals put on the bright crown of the perfect,  
And tune to the notes of Redemption the string.

If thy heart have the precepts of Jesus in keeping,  
And Faith in the Saviour is making thee strong,  
Thy dear ones—now round thee so tranquilly sleep-  
ing,  
Shall mingle with thee in the Conqueror's Song.

## THE PRAYER BOOK FOR THE BLIND.

“The eyes of the blind shall see out of obscurity, and out of darkness.”—*Isaiah* xxix. 18.

THEY are shut from the sight of sun and flower,  
Of streamlet blue and of jasmine bower,  
And the spirit's workings they may not trace,  
In a Father's eye and a Mother's face.

In vain is Nature with beauty fraught,  
Their only world is the cell of thought,  
The upland green and the golden sky,  
Are things of nought to the sightless eye.

Then say, can we take from their pining heart,  
The burden—of life itself a part?  
Can we bid a star on their pathway shine,  
With an influence blest and a ray divine?



Oh, yes, the Church hath a soothing balm,  
In Collect sweet, and in glowing Psalm,  
May she spread her store on the magic page,  
And give to the Blind their heritage :

In her Master's soft and enticing tones,  
May she speak to the heart of those stricken ones,  
And bid a fount in the desert spring,  
A Rose on the wild its odor fling.

Oh, then, when thoughts of their cheerless fate,  
Would render them more than desolate,  
The prompter of joy—the relief of care,  
Will prove that volume of COMMON PRAYER.

## CHRISTIAN SYMPATHY.

“Weep with them that weep.”—*Romans*. xii. 15.

YES, weep with them that weep,  
Who bend in speechless sorrow;  
Where lies in dreamless sleep,  
The breast that knows no morrow;  
Thou too must wail the dead,  
And have thy heart-links broken,  
Thy tear-drops must be shed,  
Though grief be all unspoken.  
Then let thy soul go forth,  
In true and kindly feeling,  
A single word has worth,  
That word thy love revealing.  
The whispered word of God,  
The hand's own friendly pressure,  
To him who feels the Rod,  
Is more than India's treasure.

As sunbeams seek the wave,  
And dews the smiling blossom,  
Thus "balm and oil" will crave,  
Thy brother's aching bosom ;  
In Wealth thou may'st be poor,  
And have no gift to offer,  
Be Feeling then thine ore,  
And Sympathy thy coffer ;  
Thus when thy heart is crushed,  
Thy ties by Death all riven,  
Thy sorrows shall be hushed,  
With pictured joys of Heaven.

“THE LORD WILL COMFORT ZION.”

THE Lord will comfort Zion,  
When the tear bedims her eye,  
And her faintest note of sighing,  
Will His ear receive on high.

The Lord will comfort Zion,  
And the desert place will sing,  
While the rose and lily vieing,  
To the breath of morn shall spring :

For Judah will He gather,  
From the distant ocean-isle,  
And Israel own him Father,  
And rejoice beneath His smile.

Jerusalem no longer,  
Shall by heathen feet be trod,  
For woe to those who wrong her  
The chosen Bride of God.

Each hidden type of Moses,  
Shall shadow forth the Son,  
When their day of darkness closes,  
When their morning is begun.

On Tabor's green-clad mountain,  
Shall the Saviour's cross be seen,  
And by cool Siloam's fountain,  
They shall praise the Nazarene.

Like doves to windows flying,  
In a shining cloud they come,  
For the Lord will comfort Zion,  
And will shout his harvest home.

## JACOB'S WISH.

— “There, they buried Abraham and Sarah his wife, there they buried Isaac and Rebekah his wife, and there I buried Leah.”—*Genesis*.

IN Mamre's shady field of green,  
Within the land I love so well,  
Machpelah's spacious cave is seen,  
And *there* my slumbering kindred dwell.

The Cedars with the giant bough,  
When vesper gales their foliage stir,  
Wave with a mournful cadence now,  
Around that ancient sepulchre.

I would not rest in Egypt's vale,  
But press in death a *sacred* sod,  
Where seraph wings have stirr'd the gale,  
Where Canaan's hills have seen their God.

Where Jordan laves the flowery plain,  
And Tabor's summit greets the sky,  
Oh, thither, born in death again,  
My children, let your father lie.

There, Abraham and Sarah sleep,  
There, Isaac and Rebekah rest,  
There, angels Leah's ashes keep,  
Her spirit mingling with the blest.

Within that quiet nook of earth,  
Dear to my heart in sun or storm,  
The land that gave my loved ones birth,  
Oh, lay in death my lifeless form.

Their parent's latest wish was heard,  
They bore him to his cherish'd grave,  
And there, where forest leaves were stirr'd,  
Old Jacob prest Machpelah's cave.





ANNIVERSARY HYMNS.



## MESSIAH'S PROGRESS.

HARK, His chariot wheels are rolling,  
Rolling onward in their might,  
All the rage of hell controlling,  
Jesus scatters death and night.

Speed ye heralds—sound His story,  
Daunted not by pain or loss,  
Offer grace—and point to glory,  
Each the purchase of the Cross.

See—it falls—each Idol Dagon,  
Prostrate at Jehovah's shrine,  
And the poor benighted Pagan,  
Feel and own the conquest thine.

Powers of darkness—boast no longer,  
Captive souls are doubly free,  
Ye were strong—but Jesus stronger,  
His is now the victory.

Haste the day, when rivers gushing,  
In the deserts spring to birth,  
And our Lord, the Tempter crushing,  
Makes an Eden of the earth.

## CHILDHOOD'S LAY.

WHILE others sing thy praise,  
And tell of mercies given,  
An infant band would raise,  
Their little hymn to Heaven :  
Thou wilt receive us, gracious King,  
Though stammering lips are all we bring.

Thy temple gates we love,  
We love our pastor dear,  
Oh, never would we rove,  
But seek instruction here :  
Till age has silver'd o'er our head,  
Lord, give us evermore this bread.

Oh, bless our Teacher kind,  
Who labors for our good,  
Her lessons may we mind,  
And profit as we should,

Try to remember what we hear,  
And always feel that God is near.

Dear Maker, change our hearts,  
Through Jesus Christ thy Son,  
Well may we act our parts,  
Till all our work is done :  
Then may we gain, through heavenly might,  
A crown of gold—a robe of light.

## CLAIMS OF HEATHENDOM.

WAKE, wake, a joyous measure,  
For blessings rich and free,  
The Gospel—priceless treasure,  
Has come, oh God, from Thee ;  
Golconda's gems, though shining,  
Are not like means of grace,  
Where hope and fear combining,  
Would bid us seek thy face.

But look far off in sadness,  
The Pagan bows in dust,  
He wakes no lay of gladness,  
No God has he to trust ;  
His dusky children linger,  
Beneath the spreading Palm,  
But who with pointing finger,  
Directs them to the Lamb ?

Rouse, Christians, rouse to duty,  
The living God proclaim,  
Till, clothed in robes of beauty,  
The world repeats his name ;  
Disclose the healing fountain,  
Salvation's blessed prize,  
Till floats o'er vale and mountain,  
The standard of the skies.



## MORAL NIGHT.

FATHER, earth has habitations,  
Where thy name was never known,  
Where the sin-benighted nations,  
Worship gods of senseless stone.  
There, the poor deluded mother,  
In the Ganges casts her child,  
There the widow's cries they smother,  
On the dreadful funeral pile

Dying heathen, shall you perish?  
Shall you sink to endless woe?  
While the hope of heaven *we* cherish,  
From the kingdom *must* you go?  
No—the star that has arisen,  
On our dark and sinful earth,  
Soon shall bless your longing vision,  
Soon shall speak a Saviour's birth.

No—the Gospel, we will send it  
With its offers rich and free,  
Oh, may power divine attend it,  
Till to Christ you bow the knee.  
Father, speed Redemption's story,  
Through creation's wide domain,  
Till the earth is filled with glory,  
And our Jesus comes to reign.

## EARLY PIETY.

WE join our gladsome voices,  
To praise our heavenly king,  
Each youthful heart rejoices,  
Its tribute thus to bring;  
If with celestial manna,  
Our hungry souls are fed,  
Well may we sing hosanna,  
To Christ, the Church's head.

While life is in its blossom,  
And we are free from care,  
Lord, take us to thy bosom,  
And fold us safely there;  
As we in age are growing,  
May we in grace increase,  
Till every heart is knowing,  
Religion's holy peace.

From earth—that magic charmer,  
Release us by Thy might,  
And may we keep our armor,  
For Christian warfare bright.  
At last from Death's dominion,  
Redeemer, set us free,  
That so, on seraph pinion,  
We all may soar to thee.

## BETHLEHEM'S STAR.

THE star that lit the Magi's road,  
With its enlivening ray,  
Diffused its blessed light abroad,  
To where our Jesus lay.

Oh, guided by its sacred beam,  
May Christ by us be sought,  
To give those youthful hearts to him,  
Which His own blood has bought.

No incense with its odor sweet.  
No costly myrrh have we,  
No gold to lavish at his feet,  
Oblation rich and free.

But with our knee in rev'rence bent,  
And tear-drops in our eyes,  
Our souls and bodies we present,  
A living sacrifice.

Lord, take us, children as we are,  
Speak all our sins forgiven,  
And may the bright and morning star,  
Still lead us on to Heaven.

Oh, let thy rod and staff defend,  
Where'er our lot be cast,  
Thy servants till our life shall end,  
Thy jewels at the last.

## WORDS OF FAVOR.

WHEN around the lovely Saviour,  
Infants with affection prest,  
Breathing out his words of favor,  
Every sunny brow he blest;  
Though the stern disciples chid them,  
Babes and sucklings thus to come,  
Jesus cried, do not forbid them,  
Such compose my heavenly home.

Here within thy chosen dwelling,  
Where thy cloud of glory stays,  
All thy loving-kindness telling,  
Children would attempt thy praise;  
For the Gospel thou hast sent us,  
Grateful tribute would we give,  
For the teachers thou hast lent us,  
Would we bless thee while we live.

When our earthly praise has ended,  
On seraphic pinion borne,  
By the bright-winged band attended,  
May we rise to heavenly morn ;  
Gathering then around thy altar,  
Pupils, teachers, all above,  
Lord with lips that may not falter,  
Each shall sing redeeming love.



## SEND OUT THY LIGHT.

In heathen lands afar,  
In islands of the sea,  
How many souls there are,  
Who hear not, Lord of thee,  
Who worship in the stock and stone,  
The deity they have not known.

Those heathen lands afar,  
Where countless children dwell,  
Unlit by Bethlehem's star,  
Hear not the Sabbath bell:  
No Church with spire that points to Heaven,  
Has to their longing eyes been given.

Then doubly blest are we,  
The lamp of life to own,  
The Saviour's day to see,  
And worship God alone,

To stand in meekness by thy side,  
Oh, Jesus Christ, the crucified.

Such wond'rous love and grace,  
Demands our grateful praise,  
Oh, may we seek thy face,  
And serve thee all our days,  
Like young Josiah, in our bloom,  
Prepare for death, and yonder tomb.

Send out thy light and truth,  
From Zion's holy hill,  
Till every pagan youth,  
Shall own thy sov'reign will,  
Till idols to the bats are thrown,  
And all the kingdoms are thine own.

## HOUR OF PARTING.

Now has come the hour of parting,  
And we each must seek our home,  
May the message of our pastor,  
Often to our memory come.

Bless the teachers who would guide us,  
Dearest friends, our love they claim,  
May we, till our days are ending,  
Fan for them affection's flame.

Spare our pastor—may thy message,  
Long his time and thoughts engage,  
And may we, emerged from childhood,  
Rise to bless him in his age.

As our fathers pass to Heaven,  
May we rise their place to fill,  
And the scholars in thy presence,  
Prove a race to serve thee still.

Long, oh long, may grateful praises,  
Echo through these aisles we tread ;  
Long, oh long, the dews of mercy,  
On thy vineyard here be shed.

And at last before thy presence,  
May we stand in garments bright,  
Where no sun or moon are needed,  
But the Lamb shall be the light.

## THE BUDDING FLOWER.

WE are children very small,  
But we love on God to call,  
And we know the lambs he will  
Carry in his bosom still.

He who loves the budding flower,  
Calls us in our morning hour,  
He who bids us seek his face,  
Fills that morning hour with grace.

Israel gave to God of old,  
All the firstlings of his fold,  
And the fruits that earliest came,  
Were devoted just the same.

So we give, dear Lord, to thee,  
Each our earliest infancy;  
Better gift than oil or wine,  
Saviour, make the offering thine.

As our years are gliding by,  
Fit us, Jesus, for the sky,  
Shield thy little ones from ill,  
Be our kind protector still.

Dear Redeemer, when at last,  
Jordan's billows shall be past,  
Safe upon the farther shore,  
May we land, to sin no more.

## THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

THE sun is shedding golden beams,  
The waiting earth to bless,  
But sweeter o'er our spirit streams,  
The Sun of Righteousness.

The incense of the flowery host,  
Is stealing upward free,  
But, Lord, the altar of our hearts,  
Breathes fragrance out to thee.

In grove and woodland warblers sing,  
In many a varied tone,  
But oh, the tribute children bring,  
More welcome meets the throne.

Majestic, Lord, is Nature's shrine,  
The footstool of its God,  
But more august this House of thine,  
By erring mortals trod.

Then gather, with a heart of joy,  
And tread the well-known aisle,  
The praise of God, our loved employ,  
Our recompense, his smile.

Then gather, children, to his throne,  
And He, the heavenly Dove,  
Will, as your prayer he deigns to own,  
O'ershadow you with love.



## THE SABBATH HOUR.

THE Sabbath hour I dearly love,  
For joy to me it brings,  
When soaring to my God above,  
Upon devotion's wings ;  
The Sabbath school, how sweet the spot,  
Where classmates warmly meet,  
What stores of wisdom have I got,  
To guide my wandering feet.

The Teacher, with his welcome smile,  
I long to hail him there,  
And linger thus a little while,  
In common praise and prayer ;  
My Pastor, too, my truest friend,  
The shepherd of the sheep,  
I'll pray whene'er my knee I bend,  
That God his life may keep.

The church, its anthem peal I love,  
    Its sweet united prayer,  
From out its fold I would not rove,  
    But pass existence there :  
Like Samuel, let me serve the Lord ;  
    Within the temple's walls,  
And list, obedient to his word,  
    Whene'er my Master calls.

## DEVOTION.

THE Sabbath dawn is sweet,  
Its hours we welcome in,  
When we our Teachers meet,  
And try God's smile to win :  
We would detain its moments long,  
And feel that they to God belong.

Before the snares of sin,  
Entrap our steps to woe,  
We would at once begin,  
Thy spirit's power to know,  
Avoid transgression's downward ways,  
And give to thee our earliest days.

Bless, Lord, each Teacher kind,  
Who here thy word explains,  
May we their precepts mind,  
And thus reward their pains :

“In wisdom and in stature” grow,  
Like Jesus when he dwelt below.

Our Pastor, Lord, defend,  
That still from Zion’s height,  
He may his message send,  
And all to Christ invite;  
Prolong his useful life, and bless  
The flock he feeds, with righteousness

As years still glide along,  
Oh, bring us nearer Thee :  
May we through Christ be strong,  
May we through grace be free,  
Till passing upwards to the sky,  
We wake unending melody.

## A GRATEFUL TRIBUTE.

WE little children sing,  
In one united lay,  
Our grateful tribute bring,  
To praise the Lord to-day;  
The Saviour loves to hear our voice,  
And bids us in his grace rejoice.

How blest that we were born  
Upon this Christian shore,  
Where, on each Sabbath morn,  
We can thy name adore—  
And find thy word, so pure, so sweet,  
A lantern to our youthful feet.

Lord, spare our pastor dear,  
For many coming days,  
Long may he guide us here,  
In wisdom's pleasant ways,

Confirm the good—with sinners plead,  
And all thy people duly feed.

When all our days are done,  
And we are called to die,  
Accepted through thy Son,  
May we ascend on high—  
And there, with all our teachers too,  
Repeat the song forever new.

## THE ACCEPTED HOUR.

WITHIN the hallow'd courts of God,  
A youthful band, we press,  
To spread thy mercy all abroad,  
And all thy grace express.

O warm our inmost souls to-day,  
With pure celestial fire,  
And may we thy commands obey,  
And still to thee aspire.

We long to teach thy ways to all,  
Who now in darkness roam,  
O may they hear the Gospel call,  
And seek their heavenly home.

Send out thy truth, with saving power,  
To bless our fallen race,  
And in this bright, accepted hour,  
May numbers seek thy face.

Let the sweet Dayspring from on high,  
    Illume each heathen shore,  
Till all shall cast their idols by,  
    And Zion's God adore.

Then shall the kingdoms be thine own,  
    Then Satan soon shall fall,  
Jesus, our King, shall reign alone,  
    And Christ be all in all.



## A DAY OF PRAYER.

How sweet to close the day with prayer,  
Which was with prayer begun ;  
How sweet a Saviour's smile to share,  
With every setting sun.

What mercies, Lord, our cup have fill'd,  
Since last we met in joy,  
What lessons Teachers have instill'd,  
Who serve in thy employ.

Oh, never be their words forgot,  
Which breathe of God and Heaven,  
But early may that grace be sought,  
To all so freely given.

Our hearts upon thine altar, Lord,  
Devoutly would we lay,  
And may we wield the Spirit's sword,  
Each sinful lust to slay.

For only they who bear thy yoke !  
So easy and so light ;  
Shall feel unharm'd Death's cruel stroke,  
And wake to Heaven's delight.

## THE SAVIOUR'S CARE.

WHILE Jesus lived on earth,  
The young were oft his care,  
For all of human birth,  
His sympathy could share ;  
A smile on waiting groups he shed,  
And blest in turn each sunny head.

And still, with kindling eye,  
He looks on pupils here,  
Still bending from the sky,  
Their bosoms would he cheer.  
For doubly precious does he prize,  
Life's earliest, purest sacrifice.

Then let us round his throne,  
With grateful feelings kneel,  
Christ as our Master own,  
And every want reveal :

Implore his guidance till, in death,  
We praise him with our latest breath.

Lord, save us by thy grace,  
And wash us by thy blood ;  
And may we see thy face,  
Beyond the icy flood,  
Until at last our feeble hymn,  
Blends with the songs of Seraphim.

## PRECIOUS MOMENTS.

PRECIOUS moments which we spend,  
While we in thy courts attend :  
Earth has not a sunny spot,  
Be it palace—be it cot,  
Equal to that blest retreat,  
Where we learn at Jesus' feet.

While within thy temple gate,  
We thy blessings would await,  
Raise our thoughts to heavenly things,  
Bear us on devotion's wings,  
From our hearts let incense rise,  
Passing grateful to the skies.

When our Pastor stands to tell,  
Gospel truths we love so well,  
On our hearts and minds impress,  
All we learn of righteousness,

Till the seed a harvest bear,  
Crowning all thy servants' care.

Saviour, as the streams that run,  
Still reflect the shining sun,  
So would we reflect each grace,  
Beaming in Emmanuel's face,  
Till the world can plainly see,  
We have all been taught of thee.

## HOW BRIEF IS LIFE.

LORD, as the seasons onward roll,  
Teach us to feel how brief is life :  
Youth, manhood, age, all pass away,  
And Death's own calm succeeds the strife.

We meet, and part ! how fleet the hour,  
It goes like shadow o'er the plain ;  
We feel a throb of heartfelt joy,  
And then we realize the pain.

But yonder is a changeless clime,  
And yonder is a fadeless spring,  
Unending is the worship there,  
Unending is the song they sing.

And may we not assemble there,  
And never more again dismiss ?  
While Pastor, Teachers, Children, all,  
Soar upward, onward, into bliss.

Yes, Father, yes, how sweet the thought !  
Oh, may we fill those courts above ;  
And, as one blessed band, enjoy  
A whole eternity of love.



## SPRING-TIME.

SAVIOUR of a fallen race,  
Early would we seek thy face;  
In the spring-time of our life,  
Free from anxious care and strife,  
Would we thy commands fulfill,  
And obey thy sovereign will.

While our feet from earth we turn,  
And thy sacred precepts learn,  
While with steadfast heart we try,  
Sense and sin to crucify,  
Saviour of a guilty race,  
Help us from thy dwelling-place.

May we, till the field is won,  
Keep our shining armour on—  
Then in faith rejoicing rise,  
To our Saviour in the skies,  
There to hear the rapturous word,  
“Welcome, blessed of the Lord.”

## THE BRIGHT COMMISSION.

ERE our blessed Lord ascended,  
To the realms of light and joy;  
Ere by seraph bands attended,  
He had passed to Heaven's employ;

What a glad, a bright commission,  
All His loved disciples bore,  
Grace to men of all conditions,  
Mercy to the farthest shore.

How they preached that great salvation,  
Fearless of the sword and flame,  
Till the Jew and Gentile nation,  
Heard that One availing name!

Others now with armor girded,  
Sound those trumpet notes of love,  
Till each distant isle has heard it,  
And each mountain height above.

Saviour, speed the work with blessing,  
Bid the day-spring gild the skies,  
Till the World, thy grace possessing,  
From its moral bondage rise.

Then, each idol shrine forsaken,  
Father, all shall worship Thee;  
And this earth its song awaken,  
“Christ, our King, has made us free.”

## WISDOM'S VOICE.

WITH hearts of gladness, Lord, we come,  
The tribute of our praise to bring,  
Oh, let thy temple prove our home,  
And deign to list the lay we sing.

The voice of wisdom have we heard,  
Directing youthful souls to thee ;  
Oh, may we all obey thy word,  
And to thy ark for shelter flee.

Bless him who with a Pastor's love,  
Would feed thy lambs with tender care,  
May he be strengthened from above,  
And all thy chosen mercy share.

Let grace and peace attend on those,  
Who weekly point us to the skies,  
While joys which but the Christian knows  
Within their bosoms hourly rise.

Convert the slumbering earth, oh God,  
Bring thousands to the Saviour's side,  
Until, wherever earth is trod,  
They own and bless the Crucified.

Haste—haste the time—when Satan's power,  
Shall vex thy creature man no more ;  
Bring near the blest, auspicious hour,  
When all shall thee, their God, adore.

And when our season brief is past,  
And we have laid our armor down,  
May we receive through grace at last,  
A robe of light—a starry crown.

## THE SWELLING CHORUS.

COME, come join in our measures,  
Swell, swell anthems of praise,  
Earth, earth knows not our pleasures,  
While such ascriptions we raise.  
Sing, sing, sing, sing,  
Sing in a chorus of joy.

Bring, bring hearts to the altar,  
Sweet, pure, bright in their bloom,  
Vow, vow never to falter,  
Till you descend to the tomb.  
Firm, firm, firm, firm,  
Tread in the path of the just.

Bless, Lord, all our instructors,  
Still, still favor our youth;  
Long, long may our conductors,  
Teach from the volume of Truth.  
Spare, spare, spare, spare,  
Those who would point us to God.

Smile, Lord, smile on thy Servant,  
Still, still guard and defend ;  
Here, here longings how fervent,  
Would for his welfare ascend.  
Pour, pour, pour, pour,  
Blessings on shepherd and fold.

When, when earth shall have vanished,  
Up, up, glad may we soar ;  
Death, sin, sorrow be banished,  
While our hosannahs we pour,  
Loud, loud, loud, loud,  
In the bright temple on high.

## MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

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### THE FUNERAL.

THE day was dark and dreary, when we placed thee  
in the tomb,  
And our hearts with grief were weary, amid the  
tempest's gloom,  
And we thought the ray of gladness, the light and  
sunny beam,  
Should o'er thy open sepulchre, with cheering radiance  
stream,  
For thou, in Spring's first blossom had meekly passed  
away,  
And closed in beauty on the earth, thy brief, thy  
mortal day,  
But while the snow was falling upon thy coffin'd breast,  
Our hearts grew warm, recalling thy better place of  
rest.



No winter now is thine above, in yonder world of joy,  
Where sunshine beams around thee, and bliss without  
alloy ;

Thine is a year of fadeless flowers, a year of endless  
spring,

And fragrance, not of earth, those flowers around thy  
pathway fling :

Ours, *ours* it is to have a storm of care, and pain, and  
wo,

Which ransomed spirits in the sky, can never, never  
know.

Then weep not for the sleeper, who so early passed  
away,

While beautiful the prospect, and when cloudless was  
the ray,

But weep for those who linger, in a bitter vale of  
tears,

While fate's mysterious finger portrays not coming  
years ;

But for the dear departed, the beautiful, the young,  
The good, the noble-hearted, oh, be no requiem sung.

## THE BIRTH-DAY OF WASHINGTON.

COLUMBIA, take thy tuneful harp again,  
And wake in rapture thine accustomed strain,  
The numbers rise and swell in grandeur on,  
For oh, the kindling theme is Washington !  
First of the brave ! he stemmed oppression's tide,  
And toiling for his country, lived and died,  
Bade the red banner float above the plain,  
And then resumed a life of peace again ;  
Ruled o'er a nation with paternal sway,  
While each fond heart was joyous to obey ;  
Left his sage counsels to the land he saved,  
Then death's grim terrors, as a Christian braved,  
And sank from sight like yonder setting sun,  
Immortal, though his race below was run—  
Bequeathed a character without a stain,  
Which even scandal tries to blot in vain.  
His recompense, a shining crown on high,  
His meed below, a name that may not die.

Praise to the hero of the Western World!  
Columbia, be thy flag with joy unfurled,  
And, as thou gazest on the stripe and star,  
And hearest anthem-peals resound afar,  
Oh, bless that father's God, who saw thy woe,  
The anguish which thy heart could only know,  
And sent thee one who snapt the galling chain,  
And bade thee roam unfettered once again—  
Yes, pray that God, thy wall of fire may prove,  
And keep thee still, a monument of love;  
Then, to thy sons, shall bright success be given,  
And this fair land be owned and blest by heaven.

## THE SISTER'S GIFT.

At the capture of Chapultepec, Lieut. Jackson received a ball in the breast, which struck his Bible and glanced off, leaving him unharmed. It was his sister's gift.

WITHIN his breast the gift he placed,  
That guide of youth and age,  
A gentle sister's name was traced  
Upon its blessed page.

On to the strife the soldier press'd,  
With inmost spirit stirr'd,  
For 'mid the scenes of joy and rest,  
His martial vow was heard.

The rattling hail went sweeping by,  
Upon a field of gore,  
Stern death was out, careering high,  
'Mid havoc's deafening roar.

The youthful hero still advanced,  
With heart of Spartan mould,  
The standard to the breeze that danced  
Had made his bosom bold.

A booming shot—a ball speeds on,  
Swift messenger of death,  
It strikes, but like the flash 'tis gone,  
For heaven prolongs the breath.

Like bulwark stern that book of God,  
Had turn'd the shaft aside,  
And still the battle-plain he trod,  
And braved the scathing tide.

Oh ! thus when waging war with sin,  
When daring lusts we quell,  
Encased God's blessed word within,  
We quench the darts of hell.

## THE POOR.

WHEN snow-flakes are falling on palace and cot,  
And tempest blasts sweep o'er the moor,  
And bleakness is found in each beautiful spot,  
In mercy remember the poor.

They come in the garment all tatter'd and thin,  
And pleadingly stand at your door,  
'Tis gladness and warmth and abundance within,  
But these are denied to the poor.

The orphan is out with his shelterless head,  
But kindness he may not ensure,  
When the mother who cradled him sleeps with the dead,  
He feels all the woes of the poor.

The widow bends over her desolate hearth,  
And the glories of heaven allure,  
And she longs to be freed from a heart-chilling earth,  
To repose in the grave of the poor.

The grey-headed man asks a refuge above,  
For anguish he cannot endure,  
No breast of affection, no accents of love,  
Remain for the old and the poor.

Then blest be the heart, and thrice-sainted the name,  
Of him who can traverse the moor,  
To cherish and comfort regardless of fame,  
Those children of Jesus—the poor.

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## RELIEF FOR IRELAND.

YES, send her out to plough the deep,  
With noble hearts aboard,  
And bid her shower on those who weep,  
Her rich and priceless hoard,  
Till famished multitudes are fed,  
And bless the land that gave them bread.

Yes, send her out, and Mercy's God  
Will keep her treasured store;  
The wave will calm beneath his rod,  
The tempest cease to roar,

Till wafted, as by Seraph's wing,  
She safely reach the perishing.

Oh, when those stars and stripes of Fame,  
O'ershadow Erin's sod,  
How will they bless a nation's name,  
Whose land they ne'er have trod:  
How will they pray that Heaven may save,  
The hearts that felt—the hands that gave.

*Then* send her out to plough the deep,  
With noble hearts aboard,  
And bid her shower on those who weep,  
The rich and priceless hoard,  
Till famished multitudes are fed,  
And bless the land that gave them *bread*.

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THE FIRESIDE.

OUT 'mid the din of earth,  
And the jarring notes of men,  
Where commerce rules in the busy mart,  
And wieldeth her wizard pen.



'Tis a dusty road—but our joyous tread  
Brings music out we ween ;  
For there—ah there—how it gleams ahead—  
The light of the hearth is seen.

Out 'mid the sons of toil,  
Till the sunset hour is near ;  
Our heart is bold and our nerve is strong,  
For we work for the loved and dear.  
And the cottage door shall be open'd wide,  
By the wife and child we ween ;  
When the plane and hammer are laid aside,  
And the light of the hearth is seen.

Our fireside bless'd—there's a spell  
Which holds our spirits there ;  
And how like the chime of a vesper bell  
Goes upward the evening prayer.  
Earth ! art thou not but a sandy waste,  
Without that patch of green,  
Where Love sits empress of every heart,  
As the light of the hearth is seen ?

## THE NATIVITY.

“Oh, sing unto the Lord a new song.”—*David.*

NEW was the song that burst on Judah's plain,  
When shepherd-bands the wakeful vigil kept,  
And full of melody, the witching strain,  
That seraph-fingers from the harp-string swept;  
For oh, it told the reign of peace on earth,  
And spoke to wondering man, Emmanuel's birth.

The star, foretold in dim prophetic days,  
Bursts forth at length, with mild, benignant beam,  
Its every ray a Saviour's love displays—  
A Saviour, born to succor and redeem.  
Oh, Bethlehem's star, by thy dear guiding blest,  
My soul shall reach the haven of its rest.

Come, see the place, where lay a helpless child,  
The Wonderful, the Counsellor, the King,  
And though thy offering be with sin defiled,  
The offering of a contrite spirit bring,

Oblation far more precious in his eye,  
Than Ophir's gold, or stones of ruby dye.

Enwreath the columns of the house of prayer,  
With verdant blossomings of hill and dell,  
And gathering with exulting bosoms there,  
Your "*Gloria in excelsis*," loudly swell.  
Then gird your weapon firmly by your side,  
And live, and die, for Jesus and the bride.

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### THE PEOPLE'S PRESS.

THE People's Press,—what thoughts will spring,  
In naming that stupendous thing :  
From yonder gulf that seeks the main,  
And laves the southern flowery plain,  
To where Umbagog's wave is curled,  
Its halo sweeps the Western World ;—  
The mansion of the son of wealth,  
The home of him whose boast is health,  
Must each with equal joy confess,  
How cheering is that magic Press.

Each fact it gleams, like light from heaven,  
Forth to a waiting world is given ;  
Each burning truth that decks its page,  
Becomes the heir-loom of the age,  
To keep, far down the track of time,  
Its course immortal, and sublime ;  
Each paragraph that views the light,  
Is with undying lustre bright,  
And breathes and burns when they have gone,  
Who spake it first in living tone.  
Oh, guard it well, that People's Press,  
And bid its every number bless ;  
Let Freedom, Virtue, God, and Truth,  
Be kindling themes for age and youth,  
And with one foul, immoral blot,  
Oh, stain its hallowed pages not.  
Next to the sacred desk where stands,  
The Priest who pleads, exhorts, commands,  
The noblest station we can find,  
Is his who sways the public mind,—  
Who moulds its taste, its morals frames,  
When good he praises, evil blames,  
And gilds, upon its rainbow span,  
“Good will and peace, henceforth, to man.”

## THE FALL OF HUNGARY.

THEY rallied—for 'twas Freedom's blast,  
Came echoing long, and loud, and fast,  
    Stirring each nerve to might :  
Dead to all sounds but that, they rose,  
And rained destruction on their foes,  
    While Hope's sweet star grew bright.

But sudden, as a magic spell,  
That guiding star they loved so well,  
    Eclipsed its fostering ray,  
And the warm blood that high could mount,  
Went eddying backward to its fount,  
    Chilled in its bounding way.

Brave hearts! and is your labor o'er?  
And *must they* over-run your shore,  
    Those myrmidons of power?  
And *must they* gloat upon the prize,  
While ye behold with weeping eyes,  
    *How vultures can devour?*

Courage ! gigantic souls ! though dark,  
Freedom reserves a *latent spark*,  
    Though unobserved it lie ;  
*And when the shadows heaviest fall,*  
*Phosphoric light illumines the pall,*  
    *And kindles up the sky.*

The half-formed wish of craven men,  
May start impulsively—and then,  
    Go flickering out at last ;  
But *stern resolve* is Vulcan's flame,  
Smothered—concealed—yet still the same,  
    And waiting for the blast.

Go, choke the sunbeams as they glide,  
Go, bind with chaff old Ocean's tide,  
    And hope success to meet ;  
But stand aloof, when comes the day,  
*That chains from Patriots melt away,*  
    *And Despots kiss their feet.*













